2.

HERE Begynneth

the Scole house of women: wherein euery man may reade a goodly prayse of the condicyons of women.

(:*:)

¶ Anno Domini. M.D.LX.

(:.:)

School House

K

TR

The prouerbe olde, who so denieth
In my conceyte, doth greatly arre
Both wyt and discrecyon, yf he applyeth
That thynge of treueth, wolde debarre
Howe be it that folke, presume so farre
Wherby the treweth, is often blamed
yet in no wyse, treweth may be shamed.

¶ A fole of late, contryued a boke
And all in prayse of the femynye
Who so taketh labour, it to out loke
Shal proue, all is but flatery e
Pehan he calleth it, it maye well be
The Pecocke is prowdest, of hys fayre tayle
And so ben all women, of theyr apparayle.

¶ Wherfore as nowe, in thys treatyse
What so be sayde, in rude sentence
Uertue to increase, and to lay vyce
Is chefe occasion, of my pretence
And where that treweth is, is none offence
Who so therfore, that blameth me
I saye he demeth wrongfullye.

¶ Perchaūce the women, take displeasure
Bycause I rubbe them, on the gall
To them that good be, paraduenture
It shall not be materyall
The other sorte, no force at all
Say what they wyll, or bendeth the brewe
Them selfe shall proue, my sayngc trewe.

¶ Ethe other man, in generall
And name those that maryed be
Gyue euident, testimonyall
Affermynge the same, yf I wolde lye
And thus reporte, that femynye
Ben euyll to please, and worse to truste

Crabbeed

Crabbed & comberous, when them selfe luste.
¶ Haue tonge at large, voyce loude & shryl
Of wordes wounderous, passynge store
Stomacke stoute, with frowarde wyll
And namely, when ye touche the sore
With one bare worde, or lyttell more
Thee flusshe and flame, as hote as fyre
And swell as a tode for feruent yre.
¶ And where they here, one word ẏ soũdeth
Lyttell agaynst; theyr lewede behauyoure
And twyse so moche els, whiche ẏ redoundeth
To theyr hye prayse, ye maye be sure
So lyght of eare they be and sowre
That of the better, they neuer recorde
The worse reherse they, worde by worde.
¶ It were moche hurte, for to dyscrye
The propertyes all, of the feminie kynde
Howe be it a man maye, coniecture nye
And saye also, as experyence doth bynde
That very fewe, there be to fynde
But that thei can, how so euer the mater stãde
Bere fyre and water, bothe in one hande.
¶ Enuacyons they haue, faynt and feble
Them to excuse, of duplicite
As thoughe, they were, inuencible
Spotted, in any wyse to be
And with othes so craftelye
They shal be forgyd, on suche a grounde
As all thynge were, both hole and sounde.
¶ And be it in earnyst, or els in Jape
Lo to them it is, one maner of thynge
Surely nought els, they after gape
But euermore, in comminge
To let a man, o fhys sayenge

Reason wyll they not attende
But tell theyr owne tale to the ende.
¶ And for to saye, most commonly
Thys vyce, is appropryat to them all
For let a man, to them replye
In reasonyng, of matters small
These women, be so sensuall
That by theyr reason, not worth a torde
yet wyll the woman, haue the last worde.
¶ There maye no reason, theyrs debarre
Nor none example, can them conuerte
They stody algate, to be atwarre
And wyth cuyll sawes, to be ouerthwarde
Malyce is so rooted, in theyr harte
That seldome a man, maye of them here
One good worde in a whole longe yere.
¶ Albeit the nombre, of them are great
yet doth theyr foly, farre excede
For all is fysshe, that commeth to net
In case that they of theyr mynde spede
Broche ryngc, cloth or threde
Shame haue they none, to terre or snatche
All is theyr owne, that the maye catche.
¶ What so it be, they fenger ones
Of wedded man, or syngle playne
Ye may as soone eate, the Adamunde stone
As the selfe same, of them to retayne
Woche they craue, and nought gyue agayne
As holsome for a man, is a womans corse
As a shulder of motton, for a syche horse.
¶ And yet we may not, them longe myssc
For many sondry, commodytyes
So tryche awaye, they haue to kysse
With open mouthe, and rowlynge yes

Counge

Tongue to tongue, dyscole thyes
One and other, commonlye
Haue in such case, lyke propertye.
¶ That harde it were, in myne opynyon
If god hym selfe, wolde company kepe
But that wolde, bryng hym vpon
wakynge, or els a slepe
Dysplease them ones, and then they wepe
By meane wherof, sone doth the cure
yonge fooles to kepe, longe in vre.
¶ And while, the woynge tyme doth last
I mïane with then, that maydens be
Loth to displease, loue sure and fast
Are what ye wyll, and spede maye ye
Fewe or none, for the moste partye
Gently entreated, deny you can
within her tables, to enter your man.
¶ That done they saye, that ye dyd make
Promysse to them, by good assurance
Them to mary, and to wyues take
Els had ye not, had suche dalyaunce
And all is for feare, of good vtteraunce
In case the bely, do not swell
They holde them pleased, and all is well.
¶ yet muste ye be, at farther daunger
If ye do entende to vse them ofte
Kepe them bothe at racke, and maunger
Arraye them well, and laye them softe
yet shall another man, come alofte
Haue you ones turned, your iye and bache
An other she wyl haue, to smycke and smacke.
¶ Perchaunce the bely, may ryse wyth all
Then wyll they swere, and steare a pase
That thyne is it, when it doth fall

Be it malaryborne or base
Lokethey saye, on thyne owne face
Beholde well, bothe nose and eye
Nature it seise, the father wyll trye.
¶ And other there is, to synguler grace
Gyuen vnto the babe, for the one
Or sure it is, a maruelous face
That god hath gyuen, vnto the mone
For were thy. rr. they muste eche one
Loke the streyght, eyther els a shore
Be lyke the father; lesse and more.
¶ And when they are ones, waxen swall
And able to ryde; or els to go
Unto lyke acte, agayne they fall
As who wolde saye, you kepte no wo
yf ye renounce, kindenes to sho
Then must ye send thē, to some straunge place
As good a mayde, as she before was
¶ Then yf they come, a louer newe
And them appoynte whyter to come
They be lyke redy vnto the mewe
And to be close, from wynde and sonne
With lyttell laboure, they are soone wonne
Not one I warrant you, amonges twentye
But the eese sones, wyll be as redye.
¶ Wed them ones, and then adewe
Farewell al truste, and huswyferye
Kepe theyr chambres, and them selfe mewe
For flaminge of her fysnamye
And in theyr bed, all daye do lye
Muste ones or twyse, euery weke
Fayne them selfe, for to belycke.
¶ Send for thys, and sende for that
Lyttell or nothynge, may them please

Come

Come in good gossyp, and kepe me that
I trust it shall do me great ease
Complayne of many a sondry dyssease
A gossyps cuppe, betwene vs twayne
Tyll she begotten vp agayne.
¶ Then must she haue, maydēs two or thre
That may then gossyps, togyter bryng
Set them to labour, to blere the eye
Them selfe wyll nother, washe ne wryng
Bake ne brewe, nor other thinge
Syt by the fyre, let the maydens trot
Brewe of the best, in a halfpeny pot.
Playe who wyll, the man must laboure
And bryng to house, all that he may
The wyfe agayne, doth nought but glauoure
And holde him vp, with ye and nay
But of yet cuppe, he shall not assay
Other she sayeth, it is to thyn
Or els ywys, there is nothyng in.
And when these gossyps, are ones met
Of euery tale, and newe tydinge
They bable fast, and nothynge forget
They put I warrant, betwene rydynge
Thus lerne the yonger, of the elders guiding
Day by day, kepynge suche scoles
The symple men, the make as soles.
Them selfe alway, do make good chere
With one or other, they neuer rest
Our John shall pay, that is not best
Howe say ye gossyp, is it not best
I beshrewe his hert, nowe is he blest
Ye bette me gossyp, I may tell you
That yet I am both blacke and blewe.
Thus out it shall, what so it be

Good or badde, all is one thynge
Who so euer commeth to memorye
Shal not heloke, for the tellynge
God wot they make, many a lesynge
It doth theyr stomache, greatly ease
To serue what may, theyr husbādes displease.
¶The yonge complayneth vnto the olde
Somwat to ease, theyr hertes therby
The elder sayth, good goosshyp be bolde
To shewe your mynde, wholly to me
Fere it not, ye knowe pardye
That I haue ben, bath olde and yonge
Both close and sure, of tayle and tonge.
¶Than sayth the yonger, I may tell you
I am so matched, as no woman is
Of all thys night, tyll the cocke crewe
He wolde not ones turne, me for to kysse
Euery nyght he ryseth to pysse
And whan he commeth, agayne vnwarme
Doth turne his ars, in to my harme.
¶Lappeth hym selfe, rounde all aboute
And thrusteth me out of my place
Leueth me scandly, one rage or cloute
To couer and cast, ouer my face
Ful lyttell maner, gossyp he hase
The moste vnkyndest, man haue I
That euer woman, layde her by.
¶And he the daye, neuer so longe
He doth nothyng, but chyde and brawle
pee yee gossyp, the more is my wronge
Hore and harlot, he doth me call
And byddes me gossyp, scrappe and scrall
And for my lyuynge, labour and swete
For as of hym, no peny, I gete.

¶ I was a curste, or els starke mad
And when I maryed, wyth hym vnwyse
I may tell you, I myght haue had
Another maner of man, then he is
If I had folowed, my frendes aduyse
I shulde haue had a mynyan
A manor lande, a gentilman.
¶ The deuyll gossyp, ought me a shame
And prayde I am nowe, euerye penye
I wolde god he had, be blinde and lame
The daye and houre, he fyrste woed me,
Ware not gossyp, these chyldren thre
I wolde not tary, ye may be sure
Longer with hym, daye ne houre.
¶ Than sayth the elder, do as I do
Be sharpe and quycke, wyth hym agayne
If that he chyde, chyde you also.
And for one worde, gyue hym twayne
Kepe hym shorte, and haue disdayne
He shulde vse you, after suche rate.
Byd hym be styll, wyth on euell date.
¶ Cherysshe your selfe, all that ye maye
And drawe vnto good company
Cast not your selfe, gossyp awaye
Bycause he playeth, the churle with the
And by your wyll, kepe hym hungrye
And byd hym go, when he wolde game
Unto his customers, god gyue hym shame.
¶ Be euer with hym, at yea and naye
And by your wyll, begyn the warre
If he wolde smyte, then maye ye saye
Go to hartely, yf thou so dare
I beshrewe thy herte, yf that thou spare
All the worlde, shall wonder on the

Howe thou doſt wreke, thy tene of me.
¶ Bycauſe thou haſt be, at the dyſe
And playde awaye, all that thou haſt
Or from thy gyllottes, thou coulde not ryſe
Of all thys daye, ye ſat ſo faſt
And nowe god gyue the ſhame at laſt
Commeſt dronken home, with a myſchefe
And woldeſt be reuenged, vpon thy wyfe.
¶ Better ywys, to holde thy hande
And more for thyne honeſtye
I had leuer thy necke, were in a bande
Than I wolde take it, longe of the.
Truſte me I will fynde, remedye
Smyte and thou dare, I make god auowe
I wyll quyte it, I wote well howe.
¶ In caſe there be, no remedye
But that ye muſte, haue ſtrokes ſadde
Take vp the babe, that then is nye
Be it whence, or be it ladde
And byd hym ſtryke, yf he be madde
Smyte hardely, and kyll thy ſone
And ange therfore, when thou haſt done.
¶ Thus euer among, they kepe ſuch ſcoles
The yonge to drawe, after the olde
Wotynge euer, vppon theyr ſtoles
Of euery matter, that they haue wolde
By meane wherof, the yonge ware bolde
So that within, a moneth they be
Quarter mayſter, or more then he.
¶ Truly ſome men, there be
That lyue alwaye, in great honoure
And ſaye it goeth, by deſtenye
To hange or wed, both hath but one houre
And whether it be, I am well ſure

Hangynge

Hangynge is better, of the twayne
Sooner done, and shorter payne.
¶ On pilgremage, then must they go
To wylsdon, barkynge, or to some allowes
Perchaunce be forth, a night or two
One fote for weringe, or horse showes
A vyage make, vnto the stewes
And neyther knele, to stones ne stockes
But the offerynge take, with a quycke boxe.
¶ Sountyme also, licence they craue
To be wt some neighbour, i the mydwiues stede
And all to the ende, some other knaue
Shall dubbe, her husbande, a sommer dryde
The trewth is knowen, it can not be hydde
Albeyt that fewe men, do hym here
The Rocko syngeth, euery yere.
¶ They haue also, another cast
In case the husbande, be present
The childe I warrant, shall be bast
And to her louer, therwith sent
The sely man, none euill ment
Regardeth lyttell, or nothynge this
Howe by the babe, she sendes her kys.
¶ And for she wolde, be reken tre we
The matter to clothe, more craftelye
Her kynsman call hym, I warrant you
And all to blere, the husbandes ye
God wote the blynde, eateth many a flye.
So doth the husbande, often ywys
Father the chylde, that is not his.
¶ Trym them selfe, euery daye newe
And in their glasses, pore and prye
Plat and plant, and their herles hewe
And all to make it, for the ye

The kynelke ware, that thei maye bye
And all that euer, they may ymagyne
Is to enlure, the masculyne.

¶Plant them rounde, with many a pyn
Rynged for to routing, of pure golde
Fayre without, and foule within
and of theyr tayles, haue slypper holde
Bye who wyll, ware wyll be solde
ye nede go no farther, the fayre is here.
Bye when ye lyst, it lasteth ouer yere.

¶Spare for no cost, but drynke of the best
and also, of euery deyntye eate
Hote in operacyon, and lyght to dygest
Nature to prouoke, and set on a heate
Oysters, Kockles, & els what they may gete
Now this, now that, and fayne them selfe sicke
Such thynges to receyue, as for the phisicke.

¶By meanes, wherof, Tyre syas
arbyther chose, the trewth to dyscus
Gyue Judgement playne, in thys case
That the woman is farre more lecherous
Gallus galinus ter quinq; sufficit vnus
Set ther quinq; viri
Non sufficiunt muleri.

¶In case they wolde, ought of you craue
a none they wepe, or lowre a pase
and say that they, can nothyng haue
Them to apparell, as other wynes hase
Trust not ouer moche, theyr mornynge face
Recorde ynaught, of Samsons two wyues
Who foloweth their myndes, seldom thryues.

¶Albei the bryder with hys bleryed iye
Dysemble sorowe with his sad face
yet is there no bryde, he maye come by

By his engynell, that may haue grace
By women is folo weth, in semblable case
wepe they or loughe they, all is one thynge
They deale most craftly, when they be weping.
And yet amonge, who so wyll thryue
and office bere, in towne and cityе
Muste nedes be ruled, by his wyue
Or els in fay, it wyll not be
The wyfe muste able hym, to the degre
able or vnable, lyttell careth she
Bycause her selfe, wolde honoured be.
Feare not she sayth, vnto her spouse
a man or a mowse, whether be ye
Shulde ye your honesty, refuse
and be as lyke, as other men be
In person, and in eche degre
Take it vpon you, do not refuse
and I my selfe, wyll fynde your house.
So by the meane, of her counsayle
The man maye not the office forsake
Bycause the wyfe, wolde haue a tayle
Come rakinge after, and a bonet blacke
a veluet heade, and also be take
with the best, and not the worste
The man must be ruled, tyll al be in the dust.
Of all the dyseases, that euer wore
Weddynge is nerte, vnto the gowte
a salue there is, for euery sore
To helpe a man, within, or without
But of these twayne, I am in dowte
No payne so feruent, hote ne colde
as is a man, to be called Cokolde.
And be he neuer, so ferefull to fraye
So starke a coward, yet wyll he rage

And drawe his knyfe, euen straygh̄t waye
Be he neuer, so farre in age
Call hym ones Cokolde, and hys corage
Forth with wyl kindle, and force hym stryke
Whorse then ye named hym heretike.
¶ And lyth, there is no salue therfore
It putteth many, a man in fere
To be infect, with the selfe same sore
Howe well so euer, they them bere
Good token haue they, also els where
That who so euer, weddeth a wyfe
Is sure of sorowe, all his lyfe.
¶ Of Socrates, the pacient
Example good, of his wiues twayne
Whiche on a tyme, fyll at dissent
And vnto him, dyd their complayne
He laughed therat, and they agayne
Fall both on him, with and euyl date
A pyspot they brake, vpon his pate.
¶ He helde hym pleased, and well content
The pysse ran downe, by hys cheles twayne
Wel wyst I (sayde he) what it ment
And trewe it is that all men sayne
That after thonder, commeth rayne
Who hath a wyfe, is sure to fynde
At home in hys house, many a sowe wynde.
¶ A certayne wyfe, sayde to me ones
I wolde thou knewe it, god made vs
Neyther of earth, stocke, ne stoens
But of a thynge, moche precyous
Of a ribbe of a man, scripture sayth thus
Because the woman, in euery nede
Shulde be helpe to the man, in worde & dede.
¶ Man made of earth, and woman of man

As of a thynge, moste principall
whiche argueth well, sayth she then
By iudgemente iuste, and reason naturall
That we be euer, substanciall
And yet ye men, of vs badle
That women alwayes, are varyable.

¶ whiche thinge, as farre as I se can
Shulde be employed, rather to you
Syth of the earth, god create man
And figures therof maketh euer newe
Nature thus nature, me semeth how we
Must nedes, his first originall
Ensewe, or be vnnaturall.

¶ As ye say (sayde I) helpe hym well
Euyll to thryue, and worse to fare
who was the cause, that Adam fell
His wyfe or no? I make you ware
One and other, lyttell ye care
So ye maye haue, that ye desyre
Though dun, and the packe, lye in the myre.

¶ Made of a bone, ye sayde ye were
Therwith it is, I cannot denaye
Crokyt it was, stylle and sturdye
And that wolde bende, no maner of waye
Of nature lyke, I dare well saye
Of that condition, all women be
Euyll to rule, both stylle and sturdye.

¶ And ouer that, who listeth to trye
Put me two bones, in a bagge
Or mo, as it is of quantyte
That done, holde it somwhat lagge
Sake it also, that it maye wagge
And ye shall here, none other matter
Of these bones, but clytter clatter.

¶ Lyke so of women, in felde and towne
Assembled where that many be
A man may here them by the sowne
Farther farre, then theire maye se
Wherfore men saye most commenlye
Where many geese be, be many fordes
And where be women, are many wordes.

¶ And so the husbande is lyke to haue
A syngulyer treasure of hys wyfe
He needeth neuer, an yll worde to craue
All the dayes, of hys longe lyfe
Hath not that man, a perogatiue
That maye alwaye, of hys wyfe haue
A thynge of nought, and it not craue.

¶ And commonly, where cause is none
Some thynge ymagyned, is kept in store
Whych that she may, come the good man home
Wyth spytefull spyrryte, laye hym before
Of lytell or nought, they make muche more
And be it true, or false they tell
All is sothed, as the gospell.

¶ And yet the vyppe, as I suppose
That god dyd take, out of the man
A dogge vp caught, and away gose
Eate it cleane, so that as than
The worke to fynyshe, that god began
Coulde not be as we haue sayde
Bycause the dogge the rybbe conueyed.

¶ A remedy god founde as yet,
Out of the dogge, he toke a rybbe
The woman forthwyth, he made of it
As to the man, neyther kynne nor sybbe
Nature she foloweth, and playeth the gybbe
And at her husbande, doth barke and ball

As

As doth the curre, for nought at all
¶ Another reason, yf ye marke well
Doth cause the woman, of wordes be riue
A certayne man, as fortune fell
A woman tongeles, wedded to wyue
whose frouning coũtenaũce, perceiuing be liue
Tyl he myght know what chement, he thought
And wysched ful oft, she had a tonge. (longe
¶ The deuyl was redy, and apered anone
An aspin lefe, he bad the man take
And in her mouth, shulde put but one
A tounge sayde the deuyll, it shall her make
Tyll he had done, his herd dyd ake
Leues he gathered, and toke plentye
And in her mouth, put two or three.
¶ Within a while, the medicine wrought
The man coulde, tary, no longer tyme
But wakened her, to thende he mought
The vertue proue, of the medicine
The fyrste worde, she spake to hym
She sayde thou horeson, knaue and thike
How durst thou waken me, with a michsyke.
¶ Frõ that day forwarde, she neuer ceased
Her boyster bable, greued hym sore
The deuyll he met, and hym entreated
To make her tongles, as she was before
Not so sayd the deuyll, I well medle nomore
I deuyll a woman to spek may constrayne
But all that in hell be, can not let it agayne.
¶ And by proke, daylye we se
what inclynacyon, nature maketh
The aspyn lefe, hangynge where it be
with lytell wynde, or none it shaketh
A womans tonge, in lyke wyse taketh

Lyttel eaſe, and littel reſt
For yf it ſhulde, the herte wolde breſt.
¶ Loke whan the ſee, doth water wante
Nor no wynde bloweth, the mylne to walke
Then Ethna hyll, of fyre is ſcant
The Crowe white, and blacke is chalke
When women ceaſe wyll, of theyr talke
It is lyke prophyed, all women to bable
As dogges to barke, and geeſe to gagle.
¶ And that more is, all men ſaye
That woman to man, is moſt comforte
Howe be it they meane it, a nother waye
And ſay ſhe is, mannes vtter extorte
And ouer that by iuſte reporte
The ſmaller peaſe, the mo to the pot.
The fayrer woman, the more gyllot.
¶ The fayrer of face, the prouder of harte
The lother to woo, the ſooner won
The leſſe of ſpeche, the more ouer thwarte
Not one ſo daungerous, as is dame dun
The fowler ſhe is, the ſooner it is done
So ſhorte of hele, they be ouer al
That and yf ye blowe, thy muſt nedes fal.
¶ By meane wherof, al men reporte
And ſaye that women, can not be ſtable
For be one gone, and an other reſorte
And profereth them, thynge ſeruiable
Our fylye is fetled, vnto the ſadle
Ryde who wyll, ſhod is our mare
and thus they eſchaunge, ware for ware.
¶ In caſe thou woldeſt not, haue it ſo
But rather fynde, euery thynge wel
I counſayle the, before thou go
Forth of the towne, to crowche and knell

and

And offre a candell, to the deuyll
Parcase the wyfe, wolde be falewde
Ye wolde for set it, al be shrewed.
¶ Example therof, that was thys
A certayne man, from home shulde ryde
whiche fearynge his wyfe, wolde do amys
To an ymage of Sathan, vpon a wall syde
Offered a candall, and that was espied
And sayde syr Sathan, nowe I charge the
My wyfe in myne absence, thou do ouer se
¶ Hys iorney ended, came home agayne
And the selfe ymage, went straycht vnto
The deuil hym shewed, euery thyng playne
Howe he had let, that shulde haue be do
And from her backwarde, drawen one or two
The dauugerest cure, that euer he had
was to kepe good, that wolde haue he bad.
¶ Another thynge, as pryncipal
Be not with her, in Jalosye
what myfaduenture, so euer befall
For bydher, no mannes companye
Nor yet rebuke her syngulerlye
In case thou do, though thou haddest swore
A blast shalt thou blowe, in Nynerus horne.
¶ For as we se, by experyence
Euery daye, before our eye
And by reporte, of men of credence
For the moste parte, the femynye
By theyr innatyue, destynye
Fyrste and formest, when they be chyd
wyll that thynge do, they be forbyd.
¶ And ouer that they wyfe present
I counsayle the, bewyfe and ware
Thou prayse no other mannes Instrument

Better than thyne owne, berynge ware
For yf thou do she wyll not spare
were it neuer, so naturall a foole
Tyll she assayed, the selfe same toole.
¶So frayle they be, of dispolicion
So croked, so crabbed, with that so euill
So lewde, so shrewde, lyght of condicion
That sure it ware vnpossible
To let them, of there owne selfe will
And but it come, of their owne mynde
I mā were as good, throw stones at ỹ winde.
¶Say what ye wyl, they wyll do as they lust
The prose therof, in a certayne fable
A husbande man hauinge good trust
His wife to him, had be agreable
Thought to attempt, yf she had be reformable
Bad her take the potte, that sod ouer the fyre
And set it aboue, vpon the astyre.
¶She answered hym, I holde the mad
And I more foole, by saynt Martyne
Thy dyner is redy, as thou me bad
And tyme it were, that thou shulde dyne
And thou wyl not, I wyl go to myne
I byd the sayde he, bere vp the potte
A ha she sayde, I trowe thou dote.
¶Up she goeth, for fere at last
No question moued, where it shulde stande
Upon hys heed, the potage she cast
And helde the potte, styl in her hande
And towarde hym, she curste and bande
Sayde and swore, he myght her trust
She wolde wyth the potage do what her lust.
¶No remedy, to discontent
To prattle to them, of reason or lawe

For

For be a womans purpose bent
Nothing preuayled, to withdrawe
Nor yet to kepe them, vnder awe
Gyue them counsaile, the best ye can
They wyl folowe theyr owne wyl now & than.
¶ Loke of discrecion, fewe womanly
And to the were, fewe profitable
Not thre I dare saye, amonge thyrty
That be discrete, and reasonable
And yet alwayes, the byble bable
Of euery matter, and make it nyse
And in conclusyon, be wonderous penysshe.
¶ As holy saintes, in churche they be
And in strete, as aungelles they where
At home, for all theyr ypocrysye
A deuyllysshe lyfe, they lede all the yere
When lenton commeth, then to the frere
The frere lymlyter, for a praye of pence
Wyll for all causes, with them dispence.
¶ And that more is, I dare auowe
That yf thy wyfe, displeasure take
Be it right or wronge, yet thou
Muste nedes of force, for theyr wyues sake
Fight and fraye, and hye wordes crake
Swere and stare, as who wolde saye
Thou woldest not let, to kyll and slaye.
¶ In case thou take, the matter lyght
As a man of peace, loue and concorde
Then wyll she wepe, anone forth ryght
And gyue the many, and euyll worde
and byd the gyrd, to the thy sworde
and saye yf I, had maryed a mon
This thynge shulde not, be longe vndon,
¶ Recorde, the wycked Iesabell

whyche wolde haue slayne, good Helyas
Recorde also, of the gospel
The wyfe of phylip, Herodias
whiche through her doughter, brought to pas
That Herode her graunted, or that they wyst
To gyue her the heed, of John Baptist.
¶ Thus where them selfe, may littell do
As in regard, of corporal myght
Of cruelnesse, they rest not so
But stere their husbandes, for to fyght
The prouerbe olde, accordeth right
women and dogges, causeth moche stryfe
And most occasion, to be mischyfe.
¶ In case that thou, so folysshe be
For thy wyues wordes, to make a brall
yf it so fortune, that she do it se
Regardeth lytel, what may befal
The fyrste thynge, that she doth of all
On the she rouneth, and holdeth the styll
whyles that an other, maye the kyll.
¶ And yf it chaunce, any vnkynde worde
Escape thy mouth, wherby that ye
Betweue your selfe, fall at dyscorde
Truste me wel, in case that she
By any meane, maye mayster the
For the moste parte, al women be
In suche case, al without pytie.
¶ Weake and feble, albeit they be
Of body moche impotent
Example dayly, yet maye ye se
Comberous they be, and malyuolent
Harmeles creatures, none euyll ment
The vpper hande, yf they ones get
Can nomore harme, then a Wermeset.

¶ Who

¶ Who was so busy, as the mayde
With croked language, Peter to appose
Ones, twyse, or thryse, to hym she sayde
And thou felowe, arte one of those
The trueth sayde she, thy language shose
Peter abashed, swore and denayde
And al by reason, of the lewde made.
¶ Some men there be also, that saye
Be she syngle, or be she wedde
To moche she couyteth, of chambre playe
As dyd byblys, the thynge for bede
Presumed to be, in her mothers stede
Myrha also inordinatlye
Wyth her owne father, founde meanes to lye.
¶ The doughters twayne, of Loth the sage
Hauynge lyke tykle, in theyr tayle
Coulde not refrayne, theyr wylful rage
To satysfye, with euyl hayle
Theyr father feasted, with costly vitayle
Made hym dronke, and so at laste
Medled with hym, he slepynge faste.
¶ Examples here of, diuers there be
To approue my sayeng, as strayght as a lyne
As firste of the abhominable Paliphe
And then the insaciat misfalyne
Pyrra, Fabulla, and fayre Helyne
Wyth other thoulandes, many mo
Whyche al to relyte, wolde neuer be do.
¶ I praye you why, was Adam shent
Bycause he onely, dyd transgresse
Eue hym meued, fyrst to consent
To eate of the apple, she dyd hym dresse
So all came, of her wylfulnes
And syth that woman, that offence began

Shē is moze to blome, then is the man.
¶ The wyfe of Loth, wyllyng also
The wyll of god, to preuarycate
Out of the Cytye, whan she shulde go
Loke behinde her, in her gate
To se by proke, the pronostycate
Dysplesed god and she anone
Trasformed was, into a salt stone.
¶ I praye you what dyd quene Atthaly
Loke in Paralypomenon
Mother of yonge kynge Othozye
Of all, and of all, the wyllullest one
Moued the kynge a forelayde, her sonne
To do moche euyll, especyallye
The temple of god, for to dystroye.
¶ Myghty Sampson, two wyues had
The fyrste a Phylystian, by generacyon
Neyther of them good, but passynge bad
And else to hym, farre out of fashion
The fyrste hym caused, by lacrymacyon
Hys probleme to here so that he sayde
When she it knewe, she hym betrayed.
¶ The seconde delde, moche wozse then so
Decyued hym, as ye shall here
For she hys strenght, dyd take hym fro
In her lappe slepynge, she clypte hys heere
Betrayed her lozde, and her bewpere
Thus dalyda, for mede hym serued
And caused hys yes, out to be carued.
¶ The wyfe of Job, the man electe
Saluted hym, with scornes and mockes
And full vnsemely, oft hym checte
Sayenge thou foole, full of the pockes
Full lyke a foole, thy brefte thou knockes

wenyst

Wenyst thou, for thy layre speche
God wyl come, the for to seche.

¶ Thy praytynge leue, so wle the befall
Truste me, he wyll the neuer hele
Thy bestes, thy goodes, and thy chyldren all
Be deed and brent, nowe euery dele
And thou lyest here, with many a byle
Praytynge and prayenge, to the dyuyne
And worse thou, stynkest, then a deed swyne.

¶ Lykewyse the wyfe, of olde Thoby
Whose name as I remembre, was Anne
Whiche hym entreated, boysterously
With sad rebukes, nowe and than
Called hym dryuell, and wytles fande
Bycause he gaue, with herte so liberall
Parte of hys goodes, to the poraall.

¶ The wanton wyfe, of kyng Pharao
Joseph abhorred, with her to lye
In place secrete, betwene them two
God forbyd madame, sayde he
Because she sawe, it wolde not be
A shamefull lye, she dyd inuent
In prison to caste, that innocent.

¶ In women al thys propertye
Is knowen sure, and manifeste
That yf a man, maye come so nye
To shewe them game, that they loue beste
And wyll not do it, then wyll they Jeste
But truste me sure, that wyth the harte
They wyll neuer loue him afterwarte.

¶ The wyse man sayth, in hys prouerbes
Al trumpettes lyppes, are dulce as honnye
But in her dealynge, she is sowre as herbes
worme wode, or rewe, or worse sayth he

For when them lyketh, to mocke with the
With tonge & iye, such semblaunce they showe
That harde it were, them to mystrowe,
¶ As though they spake, with mouth & herte
With face they make, so good semblaunce
That harde it were, a man to starte
From theyr fayre, glosynge countenaunce
Thus with theyr sugered, vtteraunce
The symple men, that meane but iuste
Disceyued are, where they moste truste.
¶ In case they do you, but one benefyte
An hondreth tymes, be you recompensed
They wyll you euer, with that one entwyte
Myth lytell cause, or none offensed
All our demerytes, shall be vnrecompensed
So be it lesse, or be it more
All is loste, ye gaue them before.
¶ If ye renounce, your copy holde
And wolde be tenaunte, by Indenture
There is no ware, then to be solde
Ye muste go seke, at your aduenture
For as of you, they haue no denture
Thynke that I, wyll be so redy
Naye by Iesse, I holde you a peny.
¶ And then yf ye, no labour make
Ye maye be sure, that then wyll she
The sure out throwe, the hawke to take
Be lyke of her offynyte
Good god howestraunge, nowe a dayes be ye
I wolde haue thought, ye had ben none suche
But by the lyttell, is known the moche
¶ So at lenght, by powche or by crouche
Lesse or more, euer they craue
Untyll thy hande, be in thy powche

No wordes preuaylen, the to saue
A thousande thousande, wayen they haue
To make a man, a threde bare cote
And leue hym neyther peny ne grote.
¶ Nowe thys nowe that they craue alwaye
One thynge or other, they neuer rest
Say what ye wyll, they will no naye
Nor none excuse, but theyr owne request
So they may be trimmed, and fed of the best
They haue no remorse, who bereth the name
Nor whome they put to open shame.
¶ The treueth is knowen, as in this case
By holy wryte, autentycate
Betwene Thamer, and the iudge Judas
The boke called Genesis, examinate
Howe Thamer, the wydowe in the way sate
Dysgysed her selfe, in straunce araye
Judas to dysceyue, after that waye.
¶ Her fresshe atyre, & countenaunce therto
Prouoked thys man, a questyon to make
She lyghtlye consentynge, as some other do
Sayd what wsll ye gyue, thy plesure to take
Some pledge she sayde, for promyse is slake
Of hym she requyred, staffe, mantell, and rynge
Hys minde to folowe; and do the thynge.
¶ Shorte tale to make, the lawe was then.
A woman that founde was, in [illegible]
Dewe profe alledged, by credyblemen
Shulde suffer death, saunce redemy
The matter appered, by her bely
She openly sayde, in slaunder of Judas
who oweth these thre, thys dede done has.
¶ Thus be they all, past shame and drede
And careth not, who byd them bayle

With goſtly ſentence, them to fede
Lytteil or nothynge, doth them preuayle
Be thy backe tourned, anone they rayle
And ſaye for al your counſayle good
ye had leuer a bare ars, then a furred hood.

¶ To ſaye that they can counſayle kepe
It were to me, a maruaylous thynge
Onelesse it be, when they do ſlepe
Or no body, to gyue the herynge
Deſyrous euer, of newe tydinge
And were it matter, of lyfe and lyme
Out it ſhall, be tolde belyue.

¶ Tully the Roman, vpon a daye
Thought to approue, hys wyfe ſecrye
In counſayle tolde her, he had put away
The Emperour ſonne, to the ende that we
May raygne and rule, both lande and ſeee
Glad was ſhe, and yet ſhe went
And hym diſcloſed, incontinent.

¶ Tullye eſchaped, harde with the lyfe
And al by meane, of hys one folye
Had not the trewth, be knowen belyue
To haue be hanged, it was ieopardye
Be it therfore, trewe tale or lye
Be wyſe and ware, wake ye or wynke
And tell not your wyfe, al that ye thynke.

¶ Kynge Salomon, both wytty and wyſe
A woman doth, Aſſymilate
Unto a droppinge, euelynge guyſe
Diſtyllyng downe, after rayne late
Who droppes vncleane, doth maculate
The fyneſt veſture, that any man weres
wyth colde and wete, the body deres.

¶ Euen ſo a woman, lyt eggyous

Dyſ-

Dysquyeteth, a hole house holde
And who so he be, that in his house
Entendeth to kepe, a woman skoilde
The wynde that bloweth, both moyst & colde
where better farre, for to herboure
And lesse shulde fynde, of displeasure.
¶ Enuyous they be, it is dayly sene
And prode also, of comparyson
Recorde of Saba, the gorgyous quene
Before, nor synce, was neuer suche a one
Because she enuyed kyng Salomon
To proue hys wysdome, a take with a tryppe
Passed the sees, in a marualous shyppe.
¶ Bycause that Naboth, wolde not sell
Unto the kynge of Samarye
The vyneyarde he had, at Israel
Achab the kynge, became angrye
As soone as Jesabell, the quene knewe why
She strayly cõmaũded, by wrytyng to layne.
Some cryme vpõ Naboth, & so was he slaine.
¶ Loke and rede, the boke Bochas
And ye shall fynde, many a reason
The pryde of women, to declare
For theyr mysgyuyng, in theyr season
Good women he wrote, were very geson
As ye shal fynde, of nyntyne he wrote
But of the twentye, neyther litter nor iotte.
¶ Salomon sayth, thre thynges there be
Seldom, or neuer saturate.
Hell the fyrste is of the thre
The secounde a womans water gate
The grounde of water, insacyate
Of euery lewde fashyon, reken who can
And euer I warrante, the woman is one.

¶ Harde to be knowen, lyke mēbre therbi
The fourth to knowe, who is he con
The fyrste whych waye, a byrde wyll fle
Or of a serpent, sprent from a stone
What hauen a shyppe, shal be dryue vpon
The craft of a hore, perceyue who con
And euer I wyrrant, the woman is one.
¶ The grounde also, doth vary by thre
The fourth may not, be stablyshed sure
A bonde man set, in maiestye
A foole fed fatte, whyles he will in powre
An odyous woman, in weddynges vre
An heyre made, of a bonde woman
So euer I warrant, the woman is one.
¶ Whych thyngs remēbred, well nere eche man
Reporte of them, accordinglye
And saye playnelye, that in the woman
Is lyttell thynge, of prayse worthye
Lettred or vnlerned, whyther they be
They say of all creatures, women are the best.
Cuius contrarium, verum est.
¶ And were not two small veneales
The femynyne, myght be gloryfyde/
Set in thronys, perpetualles
And as the gooddes, he deyfyde
Two venyall synnes, they haue and hyde
None of the seuen, theyr names who can tell
The can neyther do, nor saye well.
¶ So to conclude, of hys treatyse
A synall ende, rude thought it be
The processe throughe, who wyll superuise
Shall well perceyue, I make no lye
And ende therfore, to make shortlye
In my conceyte, he lyueth in rest

That

That medleth wyth them, of all people lest.

Finis.

GO forth lytell booke, be not a frayde
To be accept, wyth them that are wyse
And shewe them playne, what so be sayde
In any parte, of thys treatyse
Doth not dysdayne, theyr honestyse
But for the lewde, might haue amyssyon,
Here by to amende, theyr damnable errour.

Lyke as the preacher, doth dyscomende
All vyces lyuynge, with mouth and wyll
Or as the mynstrell, doth entende
wyth helpe of Lute, fynger or quyll
Examply shewynge, to conuerte the yll,
Lyke so myne auctour, doth the same
No creature lyuynge, spoken by name.

Percase any one, dyspleasure take
Bycause it toucheth her, properlye
In case that she, suche wayes forsake
whych nosse accordeth, to her propertye
She nedeth not herewyth to be angry
God graunt vs all, we may do thys
Euery man to amende one, in that is amys.

The good alwayes, wyl be content
with that, that is spoken, in generall
There wil none so soone, be dyscontent
As they that fretesed, be with all
Rub a scalde horse, vpon the gall
And ye wyll byte, wynse and wemt
So wyll al people that are maleuolent.

Go forth therfore, amonge the thycke
And here in mynde, who is with the

The

The wordes that Salomon, and Dauid spake
In Judicum, and in Genesye
Hyerome, Juuenall, and olde Tobye
Caton, and Ouid, wyll testyfye
And mercyall also, who listeth to trye.
¶ And vnto them, that lerned be
I wolde and wyll, thou meekely went
And shewe them, who so made the
No thynge purposed, of yll intent
That shulde prohybe the sacrament
But that the masculyne, might hereby
Haue somme what to reste, with the femynye.

¶ FINIS.

¶ Here endeth the Scole house
of women.

¶ Imprinted at London in Paules
Churche yearde at the Sygne of
the Swane by John Kyng.

¶ A Lytle and bryefe treatyse, called the defence of women, and especially of Englyshe women, made agaynst the Schole howse of women.

Yf the turtle doue
Be true in loue
Voyde of reason, than,
What shame is it,
yf man hath wyt,
And hateth a Woman?

¶ Anno Domini.
M. D. L X.

TR